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THE OBSERVATOR.

The Country-man *declines Talking of* Politicks. *The Citizen turn'd Physician. The* Country-man's *Application of the Story to the* Observator. *The Injuries done by Ministers of State to the Subject ought not to lessen the Subjects Duty and Affection to the Queen.*

From **Wednesday** January the 30th, to **Saturday** February the 2d, 1706.

Obs. WELL, Honest *Country-man*, how shall us pass away this Evening?

Country-m. As we us'd to do, with *Good Ale*, and *Good Discourse*. Master, I have just Tapt a fresh *Hogshead*, and I think better Liquor was never tipt over Tongue; 'twill make a *Cat* speak. Master, I'll tell you what, now we are not to *Drinking*, we'll leave off *Politicks*, else we may hear the Spark at the *Queens-Bench* read 'tother *Latin Lecture*.

Obs. But, *Roger*, tho' we *Drink*, there's no necessity of being *Drunk*: We may keep our *Liquor* and our *Reason* both at the same time.

Country-m. I am afraid this *Liquor* is too good to last long; you sink the Pot purely methinks. But, Master, you talk of being *Drunk!* Why, all the World is *Drunk*; the *Terrestial Globe* reels and staggers under the weight of the *Sins* of its *Inhabitants*; the *Sun* every Morning drinks up a whole River for its Mornings Draught; every Body I think is *Drunk*; I look'd into a Church Yesterday, being the 30th of *January*, and there was a *Parson*, a Railing in the *Pulpit*, as Drunk with *Passion*, as ever I was with *October*. Don't you think the People that wrote the *Memorial* were Drunk when they did it? And when they Spew'd it from the *Press* what a stink did it make all over the Kingdom. Master, if we are Drunk we'll hurt no Body, and we han't far to Bed. I am resolv'd to be Merry.

Obs. Merry and Wise, *Roger*; but if you won't Talk of *Politicks*, what shall we Discourse of?

Country-m. Master, *Politicks* will never do your Business; it will do your Business one way, that is, 'twill Ruin you. But if you can propose never so well for your Country you had as good let it alone; let those propose that have Power to put into practice. Master, I say, let us be Merry, *Hang Sorrow and cast away Care*. I'll call in *Joan*, and the Boys and Girls, and we'll sit us round about the Fire, and Sing like so many *Crickets* in a *Bakers Oven*.

Obs. Thou art Drunk already. Well, *Roger*, I am willing to be as Merry as I can, but when we Discourse we ought to have respect to the Common Good of our Country, and in the midst of your Mirth I hope you'll let me have a taste of *Politicks*.

Country-m. A taste of *Politicks!* That's nicely expres'd; you are growing *Modish*, and setting up for a *Beau-Writer*, are you? A taste of *Politicks!* Master, this brings into my Mind a Chronical and True Story; *Joan* mind this Story, 'twill make thee a perfect *Doctress*.

Once upon a time a Roguish Citizen *was going to* Bristol-Fair, *and his Horse being taken Sick on the Road, he was forced to tarry a Day or two at his* Inn, *where Dining with the Landlord and Landlady he perceiv'd 'em much concern'd for a Neighbour Gentleman, a good Customer to the House, who was so Ill that he was given off by the* Physicians. *The* Citizen *told them*, That he was by Profession a *Physician*, had Travel'd all Parts of *Europe*, had been Bred up at *Oxford*, and so a *Conjurer* of *Course*: *He told 'em what mighty Feats he had done in Physick, how many Thousand Distempers he had kill'd with his* Aqua Tetrachymagagon, Cœlestis, Antitorminalis, *&c. and if he could but see this unhappy Gentleman, he did not question but he could set him upon his Legs.*

You may be sure the Inn-Keepers *were willing enough to have their Customer restor'd to perfect Health. So one of 'em went with the* Doctor *(for so now we must call the* Cit*) to the Gentlemans House. The* Doctor *was admitted into the Chamber where the poor Gentleman lay under despair of Life. The* Doctor *felt his Pulse, and ask'd the Common Questions put to* Patients. *When he had done he found the Gentleman had lain in Bed about five Weeks, that he had no Distemper, but was brought very low by Physick and a deep Melancholy. Hereupon the* Doctor *told him*, That he could Cure him, and that speedily too; and because he was a Stranger, and so liable to be mistrusted, that the Gentleman should not doubt his Physick, he would prepare it in his Presence. *And to Work he went, desiring the Gentleman not to speak one Word to him, least he should err in the Operation, which was nice and difficult.*

First he call'd the Wench, and bid her bring a Bushel of Charcoal and light it in the Chimney, which she did, and then withdrew. The Doctor *went to blowing as hard as he could drive; when the Coals were full lighted, he call'd to the Maid, and bid her take all the Coals in a Kettle and carry 'em away; which being done, Locking the Door, he comes to the Chimney, and having swept the Hearth very clean, pull'd down his Breeches and Cack'd upon it; then out he takes his Knife and he stirs, and the S——ce hiss'd and smok'd; the Gentleman looking at the* Doctor *could not forbear Laughing, which was the best Remedy for his Distemper.*

At last the Doctor *having brought the S——ce to a good Consistency, I think they call it, he call'd the Wench and bid her go to the* Apothecaries *and fetch his finest* Sieve, *a* Pestle *and* Mortar, *and his fine* Scales; *which being brought, he went to Pounding, and then to Sifting, and then to Weighing, and then, in equal Proportions, he put his Powder up in twelve Papers, which he laid in a row in the Window: Having thus finish'd he comes to the Gentlemans Bedside, and told him*, That he had seen the Medicine prepar'd, and he might take that Powder in what *Vehicle* he pleased, and that he did not in the least question but it would perfect a Cure. *And so took his leave.*

As soon as the Doctor *was gone, the Gentleman burst*

burst out into a Laughter, which Reviv'd him so much, that he call'd to his Maid to bring him his Cloaths for he would get up, which he did, Drank a Glass of Sack; Eat a piece of Toast, and Walk'd about the Chamber; but when ever he look'd towards the Window wat ready to burst with Laughter.

This Suddain Cure being Nois'd about Town, one of the Gentlemans Doctors came to see him, Sir, *says he*, this is the strangest thing that ever was known, this is the Devil of a Doctor. Aye, *says the Gentleman*, he's the most Ingenious Physician that ever was, he has perfectly Cured me in three or four hours time by a Medicine he Prepared in my Presence, from a Drug he always carries about him. *Says the Doctor*, Have you any of it left? Yes, *says the Gentleman*, in the Window in those Papers. *Away goes the Doctor to the Window, puts his Tongue to the Powder and tasted, and tasted a long time, at last said he*, 'Tis a strange thing, Sir, that I should forget this Powder, I know it very well; *and then giving it a confounded Cramp Name, told the Gentleman*, 'Twas, indeed, the only thing that could save his Life.

He was no sooner gone but in comes another Doctor, and he tasted; and then I can't tell how many more Doctors, and they tasted, and every one of 'em knew the Powder as well as he that Prepar'd it, but, indeed, they had all forgot to make use of it. By this time an Old Beldam Doctress, *that liv'd in the Town, was come upon her Crutches, like the Devil upon two Sticks, up she Clamber'd the Stairs to the Chamber.* Where's this famous Powder, *quoth she*, I think I know all sorts of Powder, as well as any Body living? *Up she Slop'd a whole Paper.* Fish, fish, *says she*, this is a common Powder, I learn'd to make this of the *Countess* of *Kent*. *But to close the Business, comes the* Potecary *to see if he had any such Powder in his Shop, he view'd it, and then tasted it, but soon spit it out again in a great Passion, and Swore by his* Maker *'twas a* Turd. Aye, *said the Gentleman*, thou art in the right on't. *And so gave an Account what the Doctor had done.*

Obj. This is a sort of a Shitten Story. But what's the Application of it?

Country-m. Master, I apply this Story to your tasting of *Politicks*, you have only be---t your Chaps by the bargain.

Obj. Methinks, *Country-man*, your Comparisons are very Homely, if not Unmannerly.

Country-m. Look-ye, de'ye see now, how touchy you are? Why, Master, I meant no harm by all this; only by a Familiar way of Discourse and Comparisons to beat you off from Discourses of *Politicks*, that have done you so much Mischief; you have a Letter to the same Effect, have you read it?

Obj. Yes, I have; but, *Roger*, you don't consider these Letters; the design and end of Writing them; you take the Person that wrote the Letter you mention, to be an Honest Man, when 'tis plain he's a *Jacobite*, an Enemy to the *Queen* and *Realm*. He says, *Were he in my place, considering the Usage I have had from the great Officers of the* Navy, *he would see the* Navy *Sink before he would be concern'd for its Support*. I readily believe him, for if the *Navy* of *England*, the only-proper means of Opposing an *Invasion*, were once Sunk, then his little Master at St. *Germains* would be in a Capacity of making a Push.

If the great Officers of the *Navy*, have us'd me Ill, 'tis more than I know; I have had occasion several times, for the Interest of the *Queen* and *Realm*, to appear before them, and was always very Civilly treated; and if they have done me any Prejudice as to the *Informations* against me, I heartily forgive them, and pray God to do the like.

But when he tells me, *That no Man would endeavour the Support of a* Government *that has put him to so much Charges only for Writing in its Defence*, He supposes himself Writing to a Person that has not consider'd the Point, or that is *Govern'd* more by the Principles of *Self-Interest* or *Passion*, than by *Reason*. The *Government*, which is the *Queen*, I cannot accuse as having done me any Injury, not knowing of an Order it ever made for my *Prosecution*; but if *Envious Malicious Ministers*, to gratifie their own *Peevish Humours*, or those of their Cabal, in the *Queens* Name will *Prosecute* me, must I therefore fall out with the best of *Queens*, and the most *Legal Rightful Government* in the World?

We well enough know who 'twas said, *Does* Job *serve God for nought?* We must not determine the Duty we owe to the *Queen* and *Country* by the Benefits we receive, or the ill Usage we meet with from *Ministers of State*; if we pay our Duty, according to the *Profits* we receive from the *Crown*, our Duty is then purchas'd, and not freely given; and if we lessen our *Duty* and *Affection* upon Account of ill Usage from *Ministers of State*, then take an unjust Satisfaction upon the wrong Subject. Besides, every Man came into this World for the Service of *God*, and the *Publick* in the first place, then for the Service of *Himself* and *Family*, and if he can't do the former without Injury to the latter, 'tis still his Duty, he must be Contented. For my part I Envy none of the *Sycophants* that, under False Pretences, enable themselves to live on the Publick Spoils of a Kingdom; their Reign is seldom long, and many times they are forc'd to Vomit their ill gotten Treasure before their Deaths; a Curse has been entail'd on their Posterity, when the Memory of the *Honest*, and their Posterity, have Flourish'd.

Country-m. Well, Master, I find there's no Working on you; and so I'll e'en go to Bed; but first let's have a Bumper to the *Queen*.

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